COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

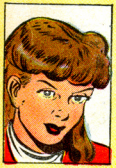
A CHARLTON MAGAZINE

No. 19
F.P.I.
10¢

Starring



JESSE JAMES



ANNIE OAKLEY



WILD BILL HICKOK

OTHER FEATURES

WYATT EARP
FIGHTING MARSHAL

LEGENDS OF
PAUL BUNYAN



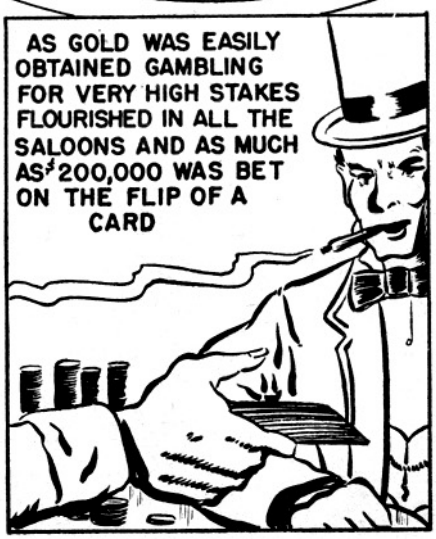
WEBCOMIC UNIVERSE.COM

Gold!

Lee Sherman



IN JANUARY OF 1848, THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD AT SUTTER'S MILL IN THE COLOMA VALLEY OF CALIFORNIA CAUSED GREAT EXCITEMENT AND THE RUSH TO THE GOLD FIELDS BROUGHT ABOUT THE WESTWARD MIGRATION AND SETTLEMENT OF THE COUNTRY

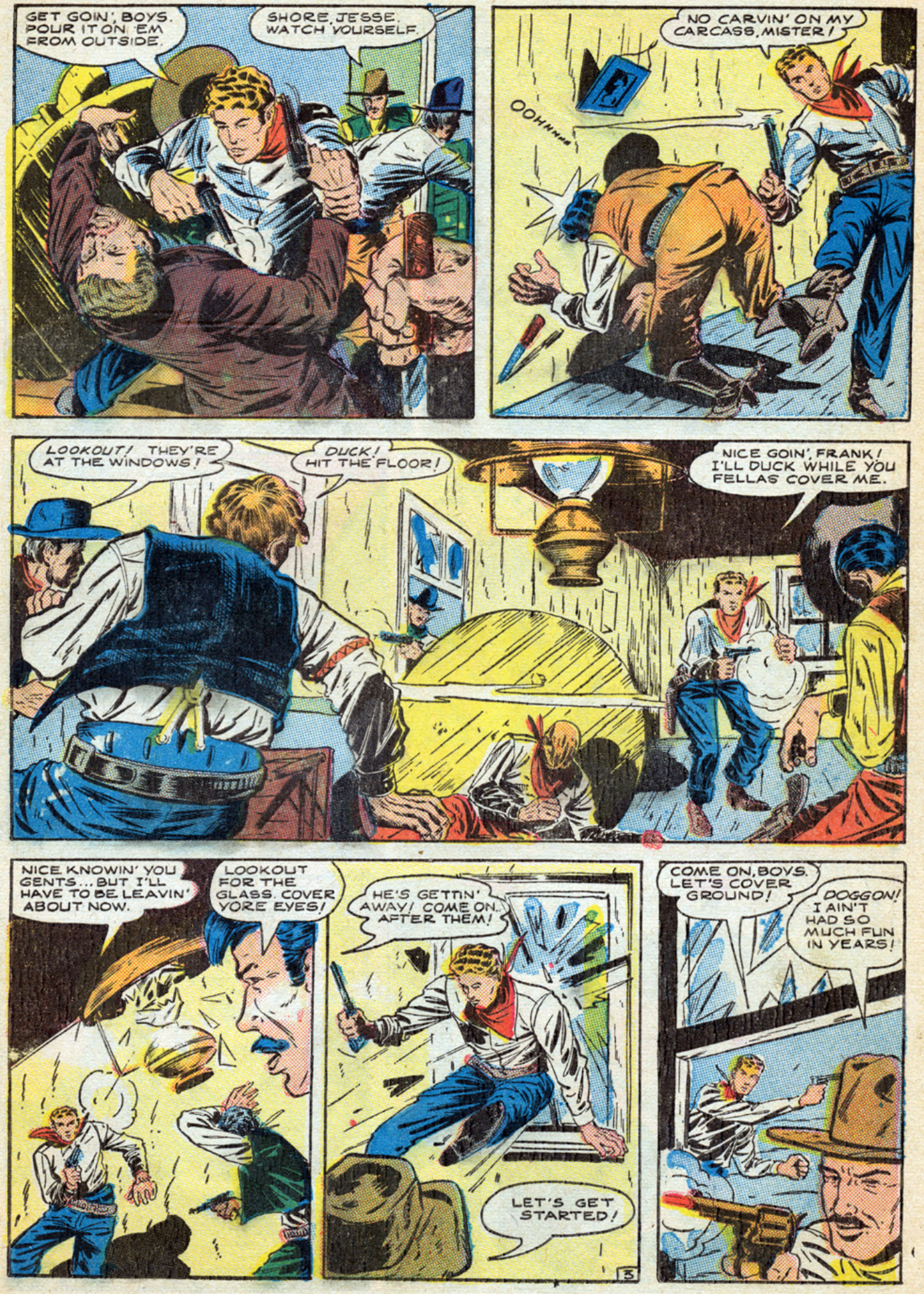




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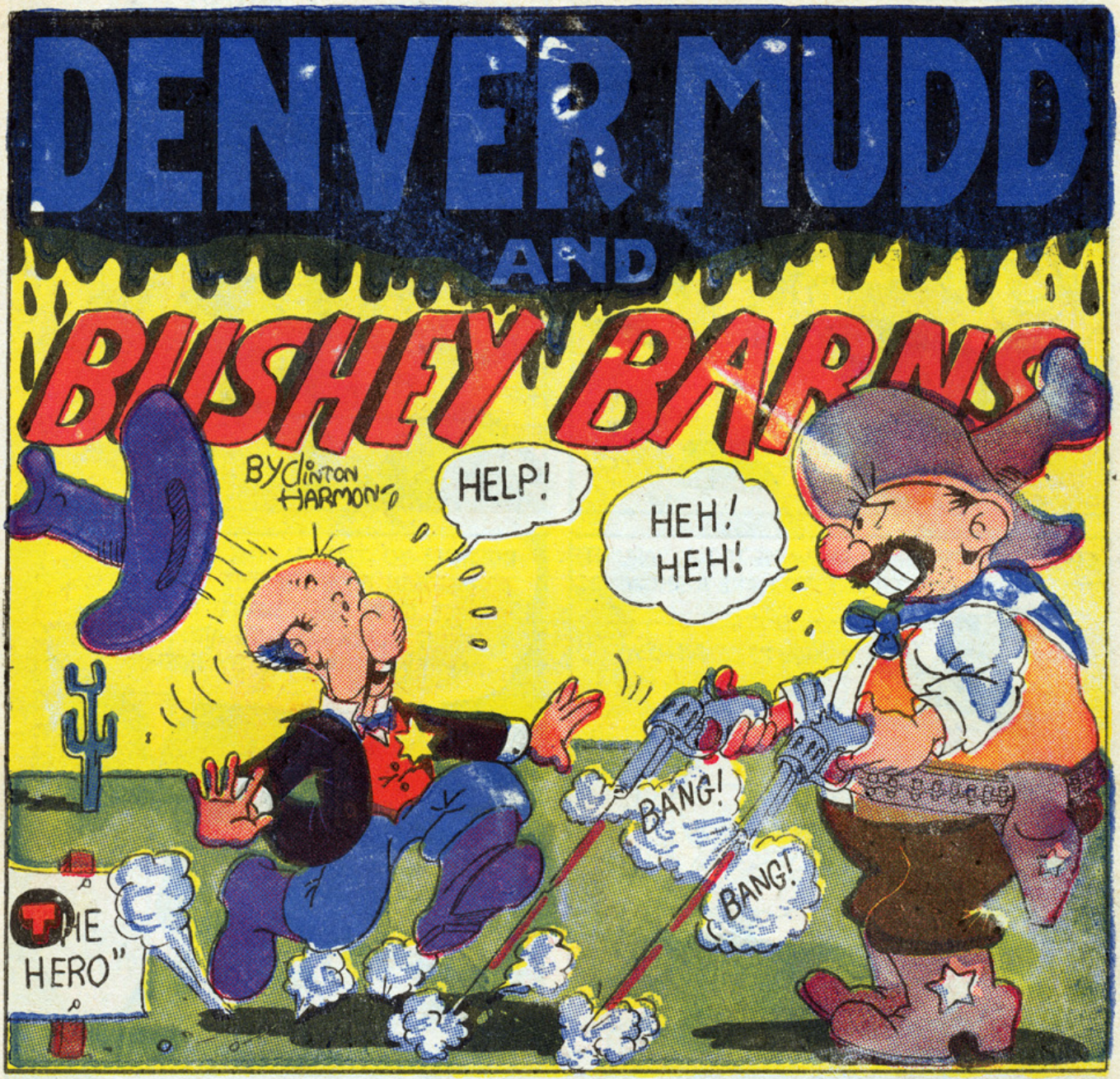

young
JESSE JAMES
AFTER A SERIES OF WILD BANK ROBBERIES ATTRIBUTED TO THEM, THINGS WERE PRETTY HOT IN THEIR HOME STATE FOR JESSE JAMES AND HIS BROTHER, FRANK. WITH ONE OF THEIR CRONIES, THEY LEFT FOR A LONG VACATION IN CALIFORNIA. BUT NOTHING COULD COOL JESSE'S PASSION FOR EXCITEMENT
LAST CHANCE
LOOKS LIKE A RIGHT LIVELY PLACE, THIS MININ' CAMP.
YEP! MAYBE WE CAN FIND A LITTLE SOMETHIN' TO DO AROUND HERE.
AND STAY OUT... TILL YA GET SOME MORE MONEY!
WELL NOW... SEEMS LIKE A GOOD PLACE TO TRY
AFTER YOU, BROTHER.
SOMEBODY MIGHT TRY TO THROW US OUT TOO, I HOPE!

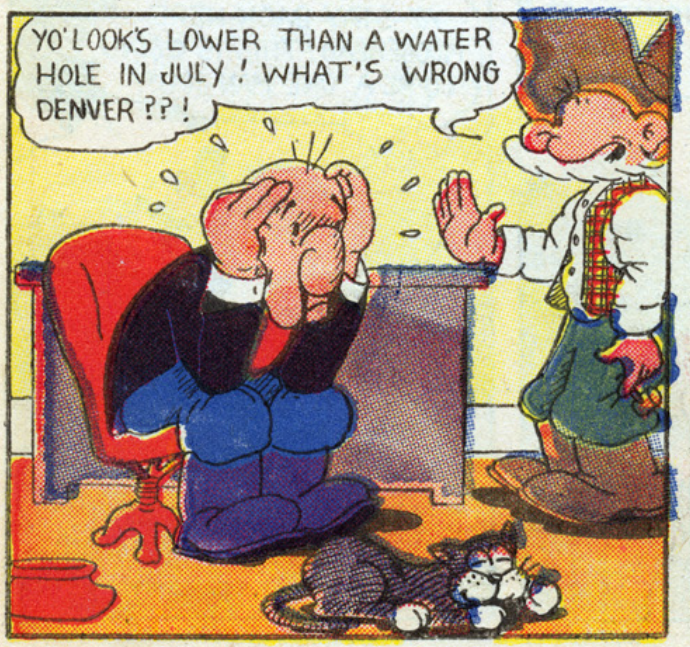

AIN'T YA GONNA PLAY, JESSE?
RECKON I'LL JUST WATCH FOR A WHILE.
DEAL, MISTER.. I'M FEELIN' LUCKY.
HOW ABOUT A SIDE BET, SONNY? FIFTY SAYS YOU DON'T WIN A SINGLE HAND.
MAKE THAT A HUNDRED AND I'LL TAKE IT!
BUT A FEW MINUTES LATER....
HOLD IT! I SAW YA TAKE THAT CARD OFF THE BOTTOM, MISTER. NO WONDER HE WANTED TO BET. SEE THAT, JESSE?
I SURE DID!
YOU CALLIN' ME A CROOK? WHY, YOU....!
I'LL FEED YOUR HEART TO THE COYOTES, STRANGER!
YOUR WELCOME TO TRY, YA CROOK!
DUCK, FRANK!
UGGHHHH!
HE KILLED JOE
LET'S GET THEM STRANGERS!
DRAW, FRANK! WE'RE IN FOR A TUSSLE.
TEAR 'EM APART, BOYS!
UGHHH! I'M HIT!
YOU BOYS GIT OUTSIDE AN' I'LL HOLD IT HERE FOR A WHILE. GIVE IT TO THEM THRU THE WINDOWS
2


GET GOIN', BOYS. POUR IT ON 'EM FROM OUTSIDE.
SHORE, JESSE. WATCH YOURSELF.
NO CARVIN' ON MY CARCASS, MISTER!
OOHHHHH
LOOKOUT! THEY'RE AT THE WINDOWS!
DUCK! HIT THE FLOOR!
NICE GOIN', FRANK! I'LL DUCK WHILE YOU FELLAS COVER ME.
NICE KNOWIN' YOU GENTS... BUT I'LL HAVE TO BE LEAVIN' ABOUT NOW.
LOOKOUT FOR THE GLASS. COVER YORE EYES!
HE'S GETTIN' AWAY! COME ON.. AFTER THEM!
LET'S GET STARTED!
COME ON, BOYS. LET'S COVER GROUND!
DOGGON! I AIN'T HAD SO MUCH FUN IN YEARS!
3


MOMENTS LATER....
WHEW! I'M TIRED OF THIS. THEM FELLAS IS SURE STUBBORN. THEY'RE STILL AFTER US.
WELL WE AIN'T RUNNING ANY FURTHER. LET'S DISCOURAGE THEM BOYS A LITTLE!!
ALL TOGETHER NOW! READY... AIM ... FIRE!!
THOSE FELLERS ARE WIZARDS WITH GUNS! THEY GOT FOUR OF US WITH FOUR SHOTS.
COME ON! LET'S RUSH 'EM!
NOT ME! I'M QUITTIN' RIGHT NOW!
OWWWHHH
LET'S GET AWAY FROM THEM FIENDS!
I'M THROUGH I AIN'T ANXIOUS TO GET PLUGGED.
I THOUGHT SO! JUST A BUNCH OF YELLA-BELLIES!
LOOK AT 'EM RUN! WHOOOEEE!!!
WELL, WHERE'LL WE GO NOW?
DOGGED IF I KNOW, FRANK! THIS CALIFORNIA SURE IS A DULL KIND OF PLACE. MAN CAN'T HARDLY FIND HIMSELF A LITTLE FUN WITHOUT SOME BUNCH OF SOREHEADS SPOILIN' IT FOR HIM.
AS NEARLY AS CAN BE VERIFIED, THE SCORE AFTER THE BATTLE AT BATTLE MOUNTAIN WAS NINE DEAD, AND AT LEAST SIX WOUNDED. AND ON WENT THE JAMES BOYS, ADDING MORE AND MORE DEATHS TO THEIR CAREERS OF MURDER AND MAYHEM!

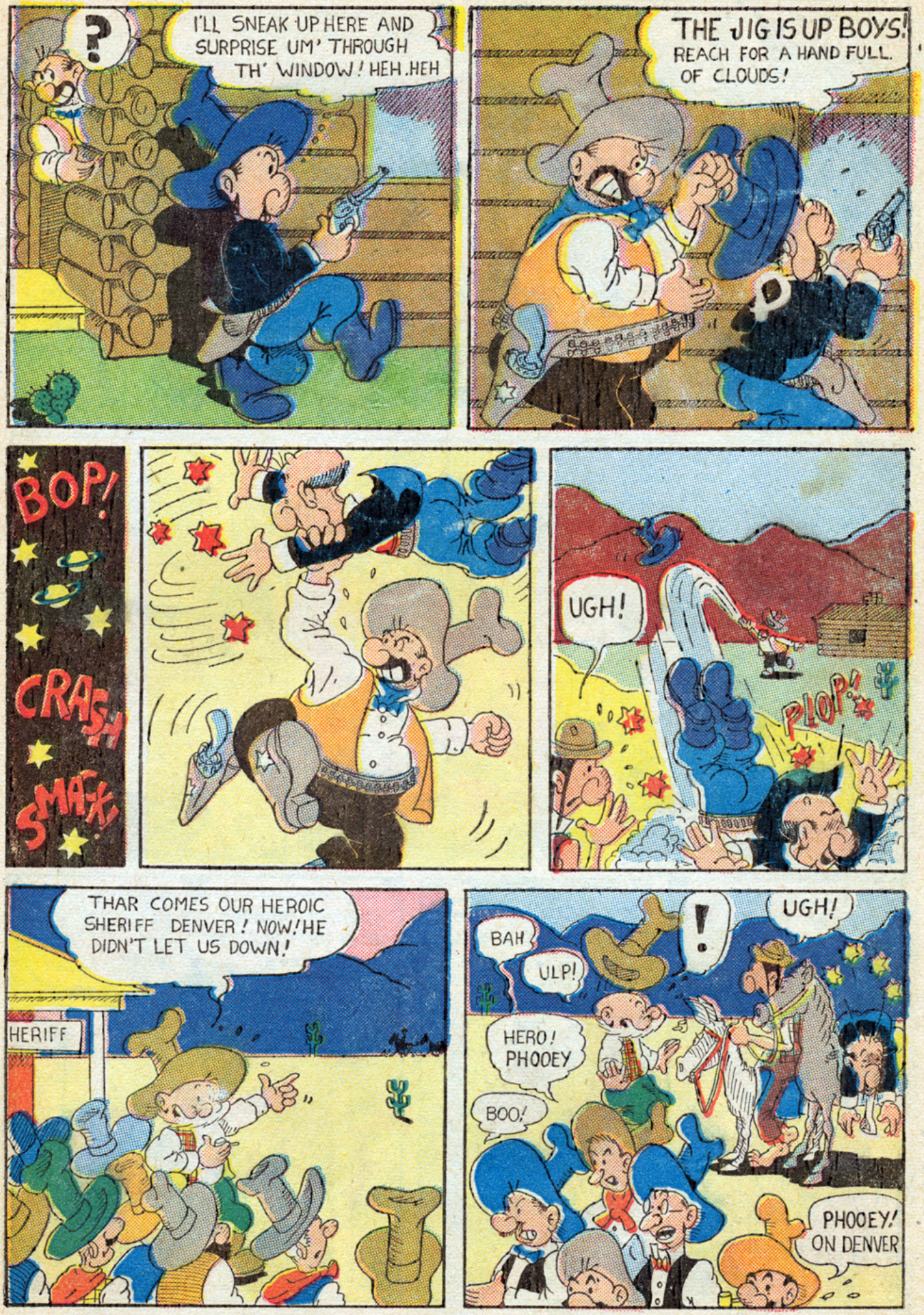
DENVER MUDD AND BUSHEY BARNS



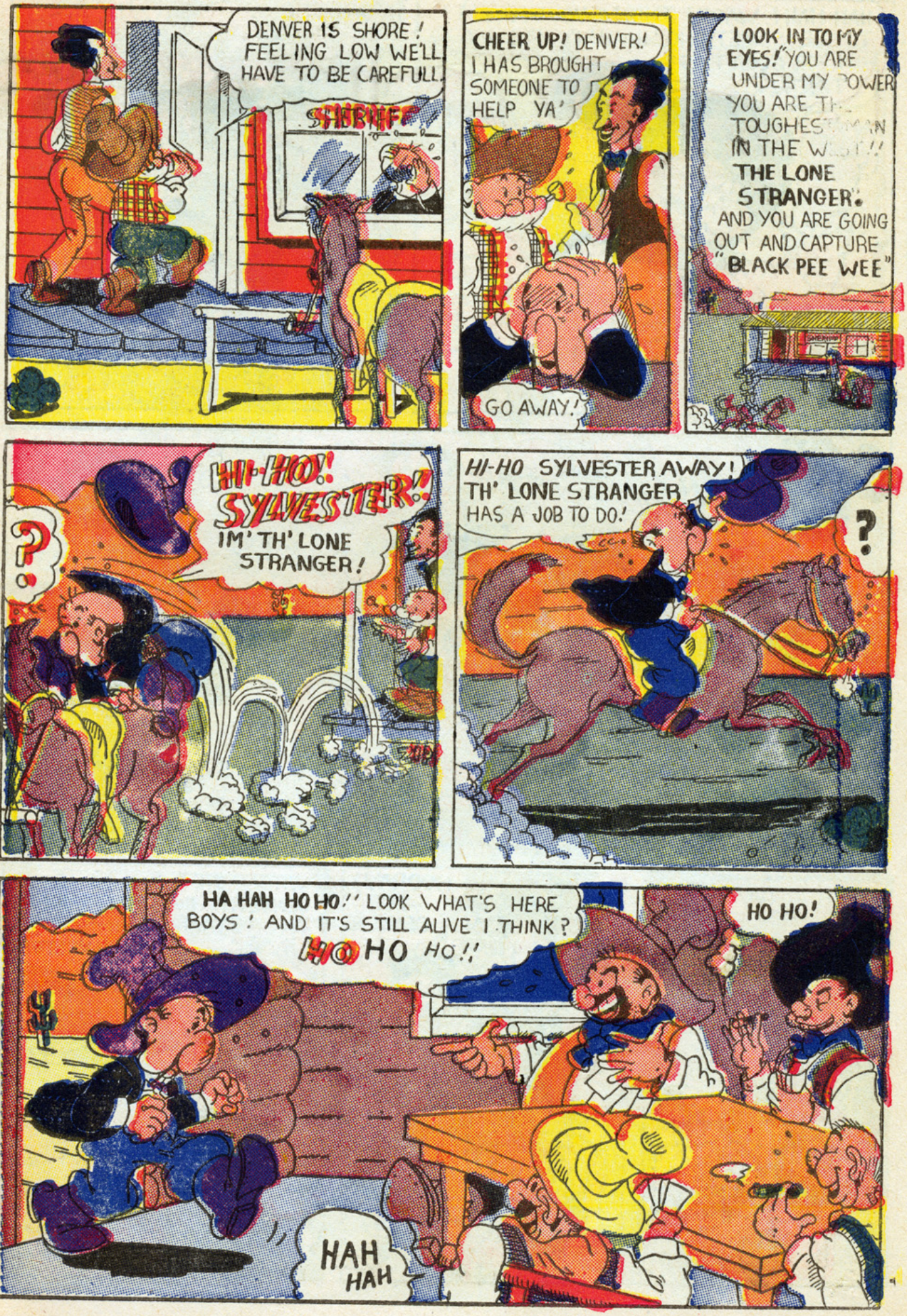




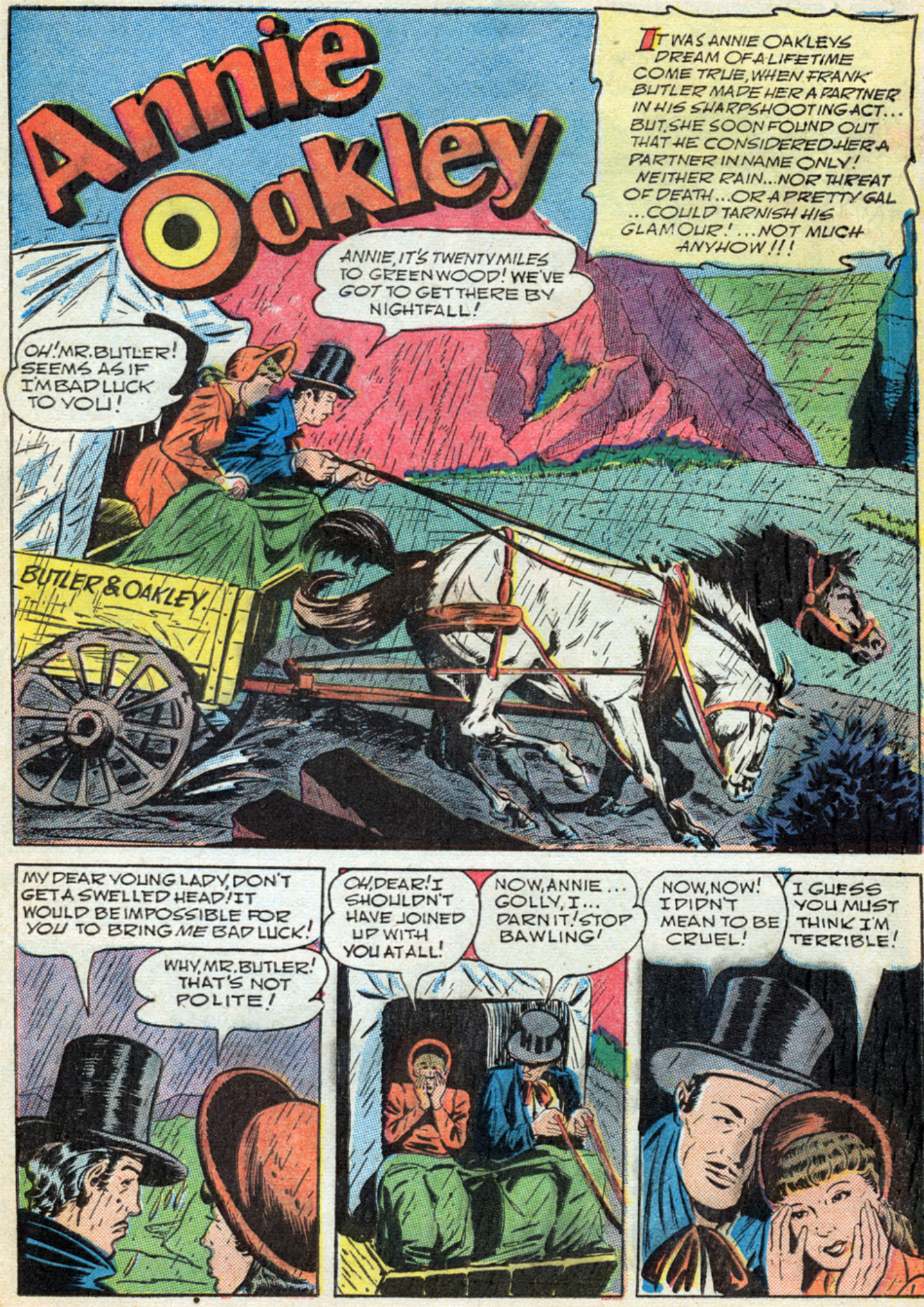

CHEER UP DENVER HERE COMES YOUR SCOUT "MOOSEHEAD" MAYBE HE HAS TRACKED BLACK PEE WEE DOWN!!
UGH!
WAL! DID YO FIND UM' MOOSEHEAD!??
PALEFACE BLACK PEE WEE AND GANG! HIDE UM' IN CABIN IN HILLS!!
COME ON! MOOSEHEAD!! SHOW ME TO THE VARMINTS THIS IS MY CHANCE TO MAKE A SHOWING!
WAIT! DENVER YOU'D BETTER GET A POSSE
BUSHEY! YO' TELL ALL THE TOWNSPEOPLE TO MEET IN FRONT OF THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE IF'IN THEY WANT TO SEE ME BRING BLACK PEE WEE AND HIS GANG IN SINGLEHANDED! BY GOSH!!
EVERYBODY WILL VOTE FOR ME FOR SURE AFTER THIS!!
UGH! THERE UM' CABIN
YO' STAY BACK HERE MOOSEHEAD! THIS IS GOING TO BE A ONE MAN JOB!!
UGH ?!


?
I'LL SNEAK UP HERE AND SURPRISE UM' THROUGH TH' WINDOW! HEH.HEH
THE JIG IS UP BOYS! REACH FOR A HAND FULL OF CLOUDS!
BOP!
CRASH
SMACK!
UGH!
PLOP!
THAR COMES OUR HEROIC SHERIFF DENVER! NOW! HE DIDN'T LET US DOWN!
HERIFF
!
UGH!
BAH
ULP!
HERO! PHOOEY
BOO!
PHOOEY! ON DENVER


NEXT DAY-
BEFORE WE SELL ANY OF "CHIEF WIGAPOO'S" CURE-ALL TONIC! WE WILL GIVE FIVE DOLLARS TO ANYONE THAT "MYSTO" THE GREAT HYPNOTIST CAN'T HYPNOTIZE!!!
STORE-
CHIEF WIGAPOO'S CURE - ALL TONIC
SHOP
FEED
RIGHT HYAR!!
EASY MONEY!
JUST LOOK IN TO MY EYES! YOU ARE UNDER MY POWER! YOU ARE SAMPSON TH' STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD!!
NOW! LIFT THAT DUMB-BELL SAMPSON! SHOW EVERYONE HOW STRONG YOU ARE!
BUSHEY LIFT THAT HAH! HA!
FOLKS! HE IS HYPNOTIZED IN TO THINKING HE IS SAMPSON! SO HE CAN LIFT THE WEIGHT!! EASY!
NOW I WILL BRING HIM OUT OF IT!
'HUH UH!
SNAP!
AFTER THE SHOW
GOSH! THAT'S REALLY SOMETHING!! I WONDER IF -??!
IDEA!
SAY! MYSTO I'LL PAY YOU TEN BUCKS IF 'IN YO' WILL BZZ!
BUZZZZ! BUZZZ!
OKEY! I'LL DO IT! THAT TEN BUCKS HAS ME!! HYPNOTIZED!


DENVER IS SHORE! FEELING LOW WE'LL HAVE TO BE CAREFULL
SHERIFF
CHEER UP! DENVER! I HAS BROUGHT SOMEONE TO HELP YA'
GO AWAY!
LOOK IN TO MY EYES! YOU ARE UNDER MY POWER YOU ARE TH TOUGHES IN THE W THE LONE STRANGER. AND YOU ARE GOING OUT AND CAPTURE "BLACK PEE WEE"
HI-HO! SYLVESTER! IM' TH' LONE STRANGER!
?
HI-HO SYLVESTER AWAY! TH' LONE STRANGER HAS A JOB TO DO!
?
HA HAH HO HO!" LOOK WHAT'S HERE BOYS! AND IT'S STILL ALIVE I THINK? HO HO HO!!
HO HO!
HAH HAH


HAH HAH! WATCH THIS! IF YOU WANT TO SEE SOMETHING! HAH! I'LL FIX HIM FOR GOOD THIS TIME !!
HAH! HAH!
SMACK!
BOP!
BOP!
BOP!
BOP!
SOCK!
BOP!
OFFF!
LATER IN TOWN
?
HOORAY! FOR DENVER!
RAH!
THE HERO!
OUR HERO!
WHO!?? TH' @ ✱MM✱!! IS DENVER! I AM "TH' LONE STRANGER" HI-HO SYLVESTER!!
?!
THE END


Annie Oakley
IT WAS ANNIE OAKLEYS DREAM OF A LIFETIME COME TRUE, WHEN FRANK BUTLER MADE HER A PARTNER IN HIS SHARPSHOOTING ACT... BUT, SHE SOON FOUND OUT THAT HE CONSIDERED HER A PARTNER IN NAME ONLY! NEITHER RAIN...NOR THREAT OF DEATH...OR A PRETTY GAL ...COULD TARNISH HIS GLAMOUR!...NOT MUCH ANYHOW!!!
ANNIE, IT'S TWENTY MILES TO GREENWOOD! WE'VE GOT TO GET THERE BY NIGHTFALL!
OH! MR. BUTLER! SEEMS AS IF I'M BAD LUCK TO YOU!
BUTLER & OAKLEY
MY DEAR YOUNG LADY, DON'T GET A SWELLED HEAD! IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE FOR YOU TO BRING ME BAD LUCK!
WHY, MR. BUTLER! THAT'S NOT POLITE!
OH, DEAR! I SHOULDN'T HAVE JOINED UP WITH YOU AT ALL!
NOW, ANNIE ... GOLLY, I... DARN IT! STOP BAWLING!
NOW, NOW! I DIDN'T MEAN TO BE CRUEL!
I GUESS YOU MUST THINK I'M TERRIBLE!


AND A FEW MINUTES LATER...
YOU SEE! NOW A BROKEN BRIDGE! I'M A JINX!
HMMM! MAYBE! ANYHOW, WE'VE GOT TO GET ACROSS!
I KNOW A PLACE TO CROSS. IT'S DOWN A WAY! I CAN LEAD THE HORSE!
WAIT! WAIT! LET ME DO IT!
AFTER ALL... I WANT THIS DONE RIGHT!
Y..YES MR. BUTLER!
BUTLER COMEDY SHOW
WATCH OUT, THERE'S A BEND IN THAT SANDBAR!
DONT WORRY ABOUT ME! I KNOW WHAT I'M....
MR. BUTLER!
DOIN... BLUB- BLUB-
I GUESS YOU BETTER LET ME LEAD THE HORSE, MR. BUTLER, THERE ARE MORE BENDS BEFORE WE REACH THE OTHER SIDE!
OOOHH! GASP...


HOURS LATER...
NEVER MIND MY BAG! HELP ME WITH MR. BUTLER! I THINK HE HAS PNEUMONIA!
YOUR BAG, MAAM?
GREENWOOD H
BUT I TELL YOU.. THIS IS FRANK BUTLER THE SHARPSHOOTER! HE'S VERY ILL! WE MUST HAVE TWO SINGLE ROOMS!
YOU CAN'T FOOL ME! I KNOW A DRUNK WHEN I SEE ONE! NO ROOMS!
YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE....
GET YER HANDS UP! EVERYBODY! I'LL KILL THE FUST ONE MOVES!
. YOU CAN'T TAKE THOSE GUNS! DON'T YOU REALIZE THEY'RE OUR LIVING?!
HA, HA! THATS GOOD! WELL, THEY'RE OUR LIVIN', TOO!
THERE'S ONE GUN THOSE RATS MISSED!
NOW, LET'S GIT OUTTA HERE!
BANG BANG BANG
AAAGH
THERE'S YOUR MONEY SAVED, MISTER! DO WE GET ROOMS NOW?
MISSY... YOU CAN HAVE THE HOTEL IF YOU WANT IT! NO CHARGE!
3


LATER...
I CALLED YOU TO MY ROOM FIRST, DOCTOR. MR. BUTLER IS DETERMINED TO PUT ON HIS ACT.. YOU MUST GIVE HIM SOMETHING TO PUT HIM TO SLEEP!
I'LL EXAMINE HIM.
I'M NOT SICK, DOC, I'VE GOT TO GET UP!
I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO FIGHT OFF PNEUMONIA!
THREE HOURS LATER.
TEN-THIRTY! I'LL KILL THAT FOOL DOCTOR! ANNIE! ANNIE! I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE THEATRE!
WHERE YA GOIN, BUD? THE SHOW'S ABOUT OVER!
YOU'RE CRAZY! HOW COULD IT BE!
STAGE DOOR
YEH, YEH! HOORAY!
ANNIE!
WHAT A GIRL!
FINEST SHOT I EVER SEE!
BACKSTAGE...!
ANNIE! I TAKE IT ALL BACK! YOU'RE A BORN TROUPER!
WHY, MR. BUTLER! OH! FRANK!
BUT... WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT OF BED!??
HONEY, SEEING YOU IN ACTION IS ALL THE MEDICINE I NEED!


"deadman's hand"
WANTED
ON AUGUST 2ND, WILD BILL HICKOK WAS SITTING AT POKER IN A SALOON AT DEADWOOD, S.D. WHEN A TINHORN GAMBLER NAMED JACK McCALL STEPPED UP BEHIND HIM AND FOR NO APPARENT REASON SHOT HIM KILLING HIM INSTANTLY. McCALL WAS TRIED AND ACQUITTED ON HIS DEFENSE THAT WILD BILL HAD MURDERED HIS BROTHER. HE WAS SEEN LATER PREENING HIMSELF AS THE KILLER OF WILD BILL. THIS FAME WAS McCALL'S TRUE MOTIVE FOR HIS ACT BUT IT PROVED VERY SHORT LIVED. HE WAS PROMPTLY ARRESTED, TRIED AND HANGED. HE IS LESS REMEMBERED THAN THE POKER HAND OF THE MAN HE KILLED. AS WILD BILL FELL FORWARD HE WAS HOLDING TWO PAIR, ACES AND EIGHTS KNOWN EVER SINCE IN POKER AS THE "DEADMAN'S HAND"!
Lee Sherman

NEVER JUDGE A MAN BY HIS SIZE

RUSTY BENTON knew he was going to beat that son of his. He was a small man. Dark haired, work-hardened and weather-beaten.

The boy was nearing the house, riding on Paint. His eyes were black and blue with one of them fast swelling shut. There was blood on the right side of his face from a recent fight.

Then, as if out of nowhere, a large well-built man in a smart cut business suit came up the walk. He stopped and looked around the grounds. Spying Rusty, he walked towards him smiling. "Howdy!" he said facing Rusty. "Don't know how I keep from wiltin' in this bake oven. Do ya mind if I have some water?"

Rusty directed him to the pump. The stranger rushed to it, pumped a dipper full, emptied it in one gulp. Finished he sauntered back to the verandah.

"Thanks, Stranger, that sure hit the spot. Hot footin' around there parts, sure drives a man to drink."

"Walkin'?" cried Rusty in amazement. You ain't gonna stand there and tell me you booted it plumb out here from Nevada?"

The stranger looked surprised. "Why, sure. Anything wrong with that?"

"Nuthin' if yore aimin' to flatten yore arches, but from the look of yore get-up, I'd guess yo' weren't so broke that yo' had to be trottin' it."

The stranger sat down on the first step of the verandah and laughed and laughed. It was a contagious, whole-hearted laugh. "No!" he said, looking up at Rusty. "I'm not a pore man, but aw needs maw exercise and I wanted to take a gander at this corner of the Universe.

"It all depends on the way you're lookin' at it," said Rusty turning his head to watch his son, who was dismounting from Paint a short distance away.

The stranger's gaze followed Rusty's eyes. Seeing the boy, he asked: "Your son?"

"Yeah, my son." he said sneeringly.

"Ya don't seem overjoyed about it."

"Aw ain't, there's everythin' wrong about that boy, even his name.

"What's that?"

"Soon."

"Soon? that's a queer name for a boy."

"Not for Soon. He's almost like a girl, might as well be one, that's what his Maw always wanted. And now I hope she's satisfied."

The stranger was taken aback and blurted out. "I'm right sorry, no offense meant, just curiosity on ma part."

"Where ya been all this time?" growled Rusty.

Tear drops stood in the boy's bruised eyes. Then Rusty really saw red, with gritted teeth he roared, "Stop yere cryin' ya damned cry baby, ya ain't only yaller, you're a cowardly cry baby on top of it, he screamed. "You allowin' that Ryan kid to beat the stuffin' outta ya once a week for the last four weeks."

Soon's heart sank to the bottom of his boots, he could not meet his father's gaze. He dug his shoe in the sand and answered so low, that Rusty could hardly hear him. "Well, Pop he's bigger'n me, bout two heads bigger, an' five years older, everybody knows that, don't they?" he answered desperately.

Rusty's nails dug deep into the palms of his hands. "Why should you give a darn if he is. Didn't aw tell ya aw was gonna lick the daylights outta ya if ya let that critter lick ya again. A promise is a promise, and aw aims to keep maw promise." So saying, he picked Soon up by the seat of his pants and the nape of his neck, rushing him behind the cow shed. He grabbed a harness whip that was hanging on the railing as he went by.

The reins shot through the air, and lashed across Soon's shoulder blades with a fiercely slapping sound. The gritting of Soon's teeth was the only expression of the severe pain being inflicted upon him. Rusty raised the reins again, ready to strike. But the reins did not strike again.

The stranger had followed them behind the cow shed. When he realized the situation, he grabbed Rusty's upstretched arms, and wrenched the reins from his hand.

"Don't you think he's had enough?" said the stranger, and his voice was as calm as a spring brook.

Rusty fell on the stranger, picked him up bodily by his coat lapels and shouted, "Why damn you! This is no affair of yours!" He leaped at the stranger with the wildness of a panther, ready to tear him apart.

Dust and sand rose from the ground as their feet scruffled over the surface.

The stranger seemed to be fighting back, but it was a feeble and ineffectual effort.

All Soon could see was the stranger backing away from his father's hard and ruthless blows.

The impact of Rusty's fists soon collided with the stranger's chin, and with one jolting jab in the mouth, the stranger fell backwards, lying there sprawled on his back. He looked at Rusty's glaring eyes, trying to rise, but falling back on the hard dusty earth.

Soon had been cowering at the side of the fence. Now he came toward the stranger, and just stood there looking at him, not daring to believe what his eyes had just witnessed a moment ago.

The stranger rose painfully first on one knee, and then the other, stroked his jaw, and wiped the blood from his lips with the back of his

hand, felt one side of his face that was beginning to swell.

"Hey!" Soon exclaimed. "Holy Gee.! my father licked you!"

The stranger rose to his feet brushed the dirt from his coat. "Ya! Ya know for a little guy, that Pop of yours sure packs a mean wallop."

He placed his battered hat on his head, put his hands in his pockets, and walked up the road without a backward glance.

Soon had seen a miracle performed he could not believe possible . . . He walked slowly towards the house. He was too ashamed to face his father, so he waited until he knew his father had gone off to bed. He then let himself very cautiously into the house, climbing the stairs to his room, and praying not to stumble over the one stair that creaked so. He straddled that step and made it two steps at a time, until with bated breath he entered his own room, removed his clothing, donned his pajamas and got into bed.

The next thing he knew the sun was filling the room and glaring at him. He pushed the covers back, jumped out of bed, with more verve than ever before—into the bathroom, out to his clothes, walking briskly down the stairs; reaching for his hat, and boldly walking toward Paint. Soon a horse was seen tearing away from the barn with a freckle faced kid dangling in the saddle, his heels jabbing the horses flanks for more speed.

The day was coming to and end when Soon returned to the barn. His approach was a great deal different from the day before, for Soon rode up in a cloud of dust thrown up by the rapid beat of Paint's hoofs. He tended Old Paint with quick impatience, his movements rapid and full of excitement. His chores done, he walked briskly into the house.

"Where ya been?" Soon's eyes shifted to the rein, then back to his father's face.

"I went over to Bar Z Ranch, after school. I caught Stinky right in his own back yard. I licked the pants off of him, Paw!"

The words gushed out hurriedly and fell over one another as he spoke. What did a few bruises, a swollen eye and cut lips mean to Soon. His eyes and face were shining with excitement.

"Ya shore ya did, Son? Aw knows aw ain't never heard ya lie."

He grabbed the boy's hand in his big strong one and shook it hard. "Aw reckon I've been misjudgin' ya, Son. I'm plumb sorry."

Soon shook his head. "Aw reckon aw deserved it Paw, Aw really was scared o' that Stinky. But when I seed as how you could lick Tear-em-apart Dugan, and him pretty nigh twice as big as you, aw figgered it ain't how big Stinky was that counted. Holy Gee! Paw, aw reckon you can hit almost like the World's champion."

A heavy frown deepened Rusty's forehead. "Me lick Tear-em-apart Dugan? What're ya talkin' 'bout, son?"

"Paw, that was the stranger ya beat up last night in the cow shed."

Rusty scowled even more. "It cain't be," said Rusty shaking his head slowly. "Yore all mixed up there, Son. That couldn't 'a been Tear-em-apart Dugan, why . . ." Rusty felt a little ill at the thought. "Why Tear-em-apart woulda torn me in two and taken the pieces into the Horse Hair Inn for a souvenir."

"That was too Tear-em-apart," said Soon digging deep into his pocket, and coming up with a folded hand bill. Trembling a little with excitement, he unfolded it, laid it on the table for his father to read.

That's as far as he went as his gaze fell on Tear-em-apart's picture on the right side of the hand bill, on the other was a picture of Daylight Dalton, his opponent.

There was no mistaking the likeness of Dugan's picture and that of the stranger he had tackled yesterday afternoon.

Rusty could not wait until the boy had eaten his supper and gone to bed. Then he tiptoed out, went to the barn, got Paint, saddled her and went into town. It was late when he reached town.

A large crowd of men were pushing and milling close to the compactly built man in the dark business suit who was talking with them and giving back their good-natured banter in kind.

He could still see the dark discoloration under the man's left eye and the bruises on the cheeks. Also the cut on the lips that were trving to smile so pleasantly.

The stranger saw Rusty now. The smile faded a trifle, but he said, "Hello there," just as though he had been expecting him.

"Hi," Rusty said, his throat dry and parched. "Say—uh—are you that there Tear-em-apart Dugan feller?"

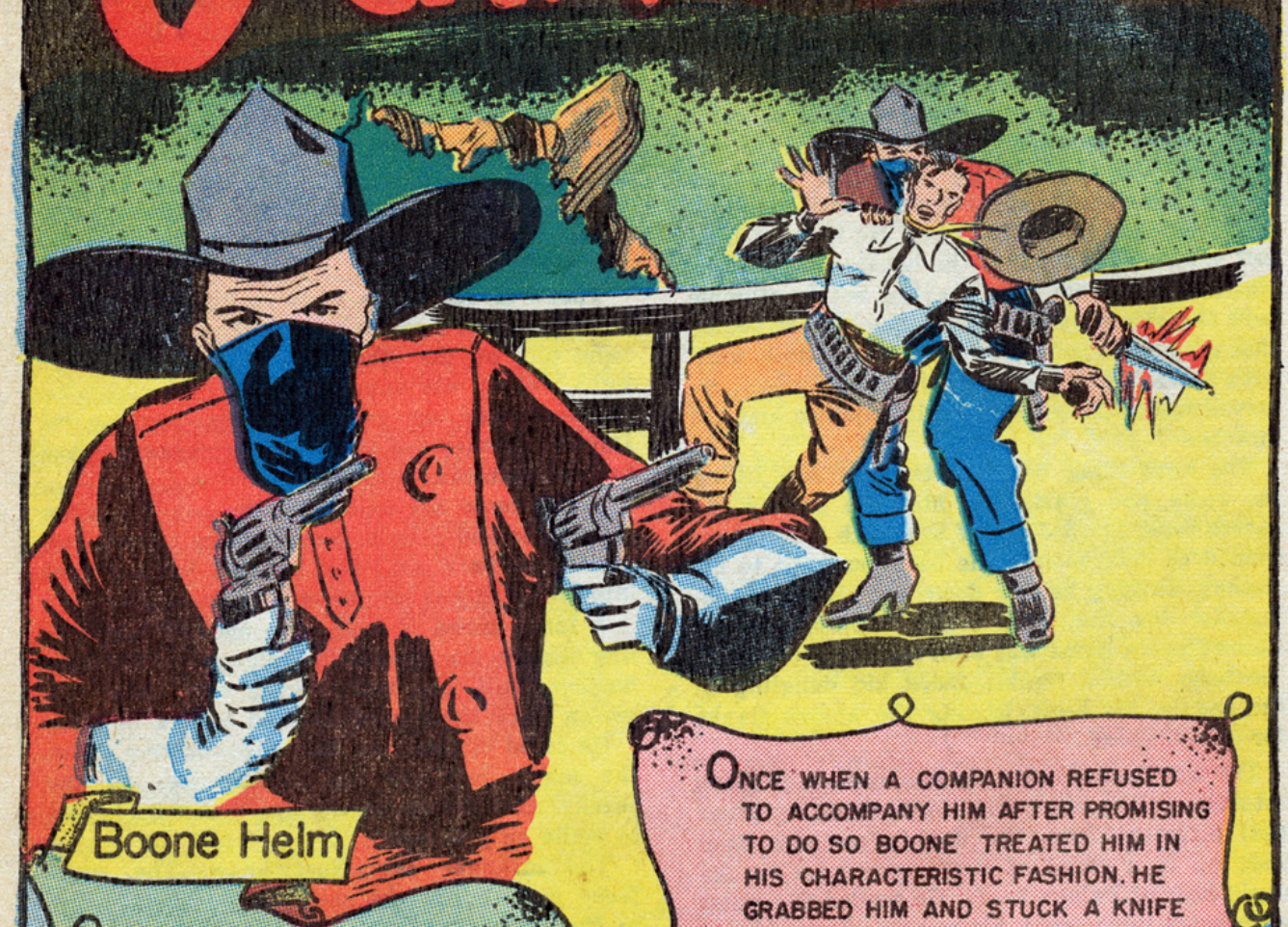
"Yes, why?"

"Well—uh," Rusty swallowed hard. Then a determined look came to his face. "I thought you might be interested to know that right after ya left, Soon, my son, saw a miracle, and next day he drove over to the Bar Z Ranch and pasted the devil outta that Ryan kid. He gave him a good sound thrashin'."

"Tear-em-apart's face burst into a thousand smiles, he never seemed to mind the aches, as he said, "I'm glad, you make me mighty happy." He shook Rusty's hands with force. Such a grip as Rusty had never known before. Rusty spoke awkwardly. "Aw wanna tell ya stranger, it took a mighty big man, a real he-man, to do what you did in front of my son. To make him think that aw whipped you. Aw never can repay ya."

"That's water over the bridge," said Tear-em-apart Smilingly. Your son Soon has paid me back—with interest. Aw reckon' he's found out now, ya can never judge a man by his size."

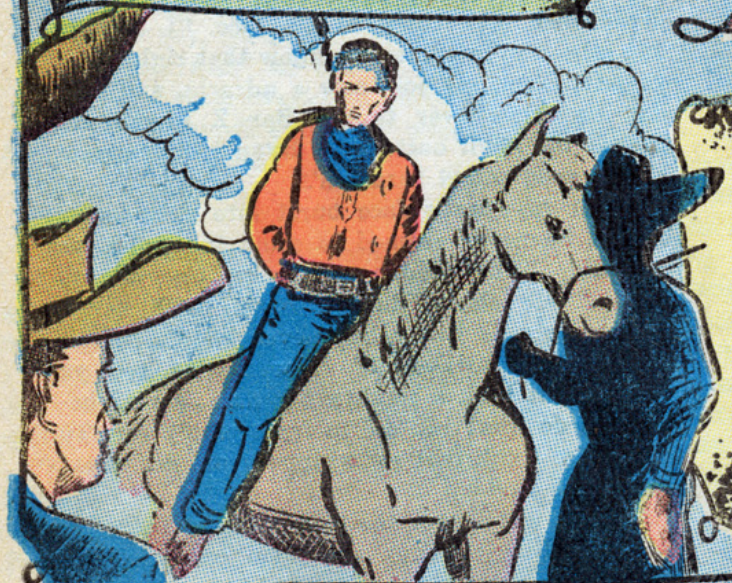
OUTLAW!



Boone Helm

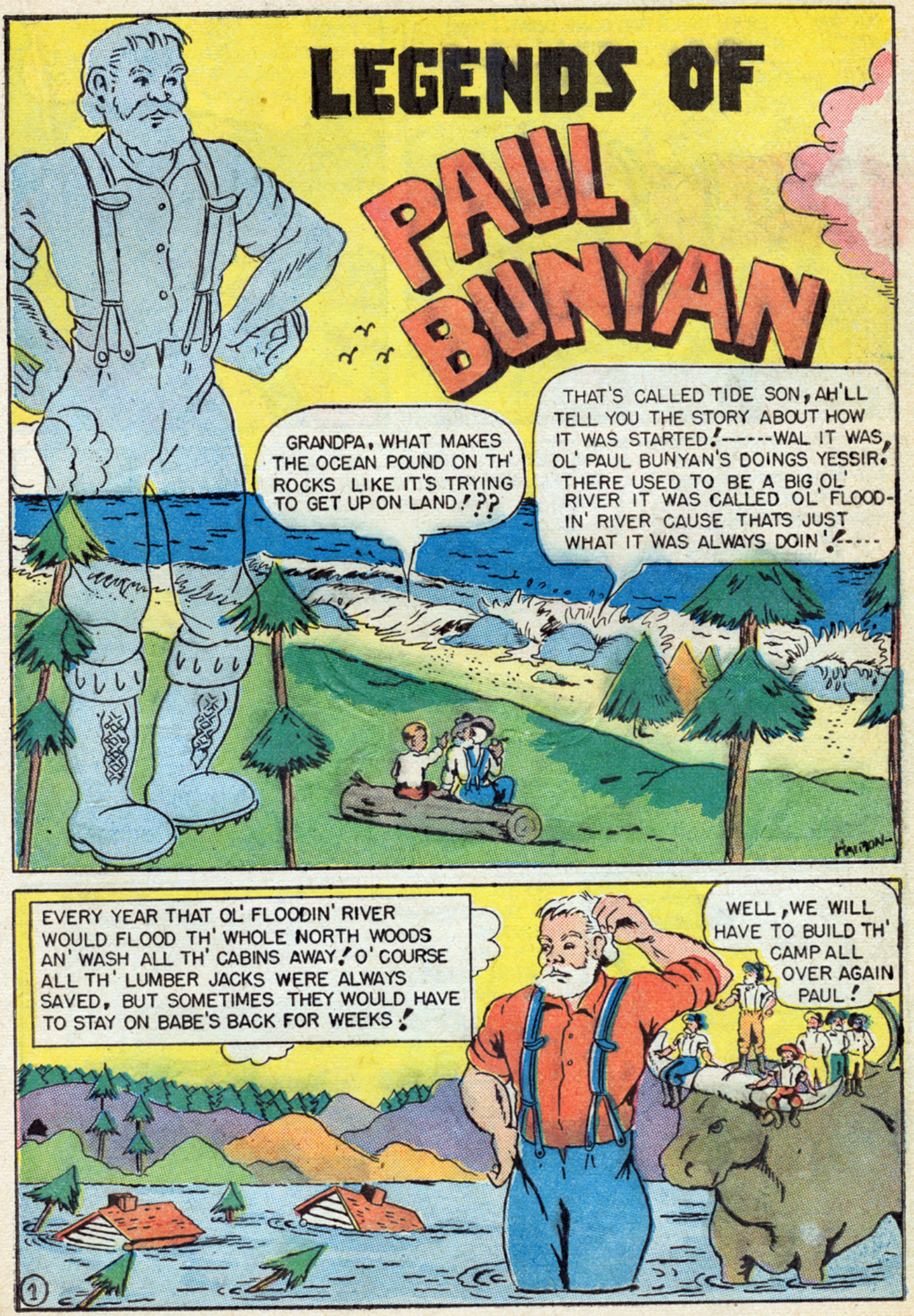
OF ALL THE BLOODCURDLING BADMEN OF THE HIGH BORDER COUNTRY (MONTANA, WYOMING, AND THE DAKOTAS) BOONE HELM WAS PROBABLY THE WORSE

ONCE WHEN A COMPANION REFUSED TO ACCOMPANY HIM AFTER PROMISING TO DO SO BOONE TREATED HIM IN HIS CHARACTERISTIC FASHION. HE GRABBED HIM AND STUCK A KNIFE IN HIS HEART...HE BELIEVED PEOPLE SHOULD KEEP THEIR PROMISES..... THAT'S ALL?



WHEN CAUGHT BY THE VIGILANTES AND SENTENCED TO HANG FOR HIS COUNTLESS CRIMES BOONE SHOUTED," EVERY MAN FOR HIS PRINCIPLE" AND THEN THE ROPE TWANGED. A GRAVE THEN CLAIMED THE NOTORIOUS BOONE HELM.

SHERM...

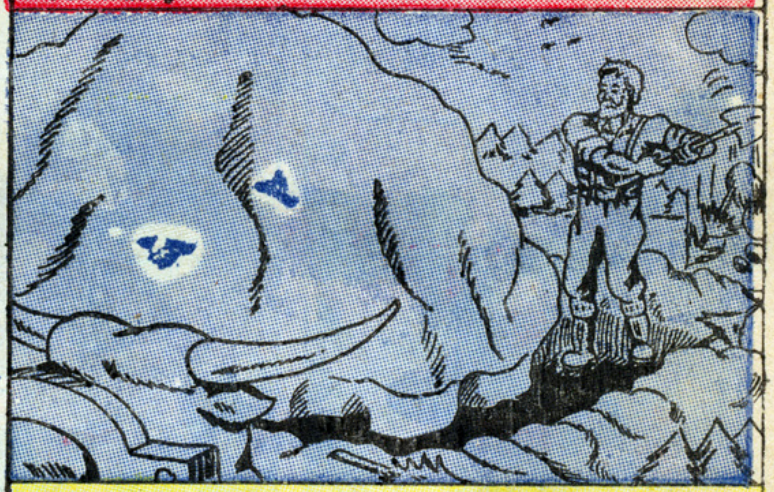

LEGENDS OF
PAUL BUNYAN
GRANDPA, WHAT MAKES THE OCEAN POUND ON TH' ROCKS LIKE IT'S TRYING TO GET UP ON LAND!??
THAT'S CALLED TIDE SON, AH'LL TELL YOU THE STORY ABOUT HOW IT WAS STARTED!------WAL IT WAS, OL' PAUL BUNYAN'S DOINGS YESSIR! THERE USED TO BE A BIG OL' RIVER IT WAS CALLED OL' FLOODIN' RIVER CAUSE THATS JUST WHAT IT WAS ALWAYS DOIN'!----
EVERY YEAR THAT OL' FLOODIN' RIVER WOULD FLOOD TH' WHOLE NORTH WOODS AN' WASH ALL TH' CABINS AWAY! O' COURSE ALL TH' LUMBER JACKS WERE ALWAYS SAVED, BUT SOMETIMES THEY WOULD HAVE TO STAY ON BABE'S BACK FOR WEEKS!
WELL, WE WILL HAVE TO BUILD TH' CAMP ALL OVER AGAIN PAUL!
1


ONE DAY AFTER TH'RIVER HAD GONE DOWN! PAUL WAS TALKIN' WITH BILLY PILGRIM!
PAUL, SOMETHING HAS GOT TO BE DONE ABOUT THAT BLAMED RIVER!
I KNOW BILLY!--- AN I'VE BEEN A' THINKIN' ABOUT IT TOO, AN' I THINK I CAN GET RID OF THAT OL' RIVER FOR GOOD!
GET RID OF IT ?? BUT PAUL, HOW CAN YOU GET RID OF A RIVER? ??
I'VE GOT A PLAN BILLY, BUT I HAVEN'T TIME TO TELL YOU NOW, I'VE GOT TO GET STARTED ON IT!
-----SO PAUL THROWS HIS BIG AX AND SPADE OVER HIS SHOULDER AN' HEADS STRIGHT FOR BIG ROCK MOUNTAIN ---- WHICH WAS ONE O' TH' BIGGEST MOUNTAINS IN TH WHOLE NORTH WOODS!-- AND IT WERE SOLID ROCK!
2

PAUL TOOK HIS SPADE AN' STARTED A DIGGIN' AROUND BIG ROCK MOUNTAIN

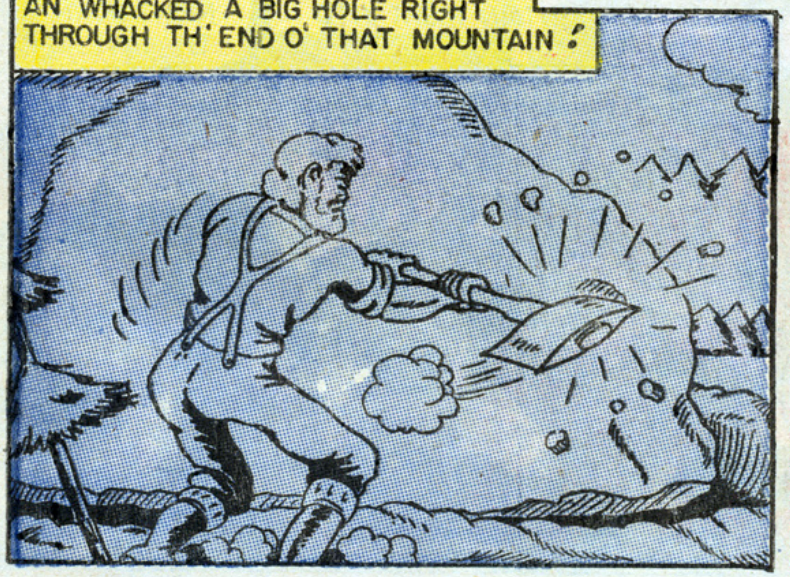


QUICKER THAN YOU COULD SAY JACKRABBIT, OL' PAUL HAD DUG ALL AROUND TH' FOOT O' THAT BIG MOUNTAIN!



NOWADAYS IT WOULD TAKE A STEAMSHOVEL OVER A YEAR TO DO WHAT PAUL DID IN MINUTES!

---THEN PAUL TOOK HIS BIG AX AN' WHACKED A BIG HOLE RIGHT THROUGH TH' END O' THAT MOUNTAIN!



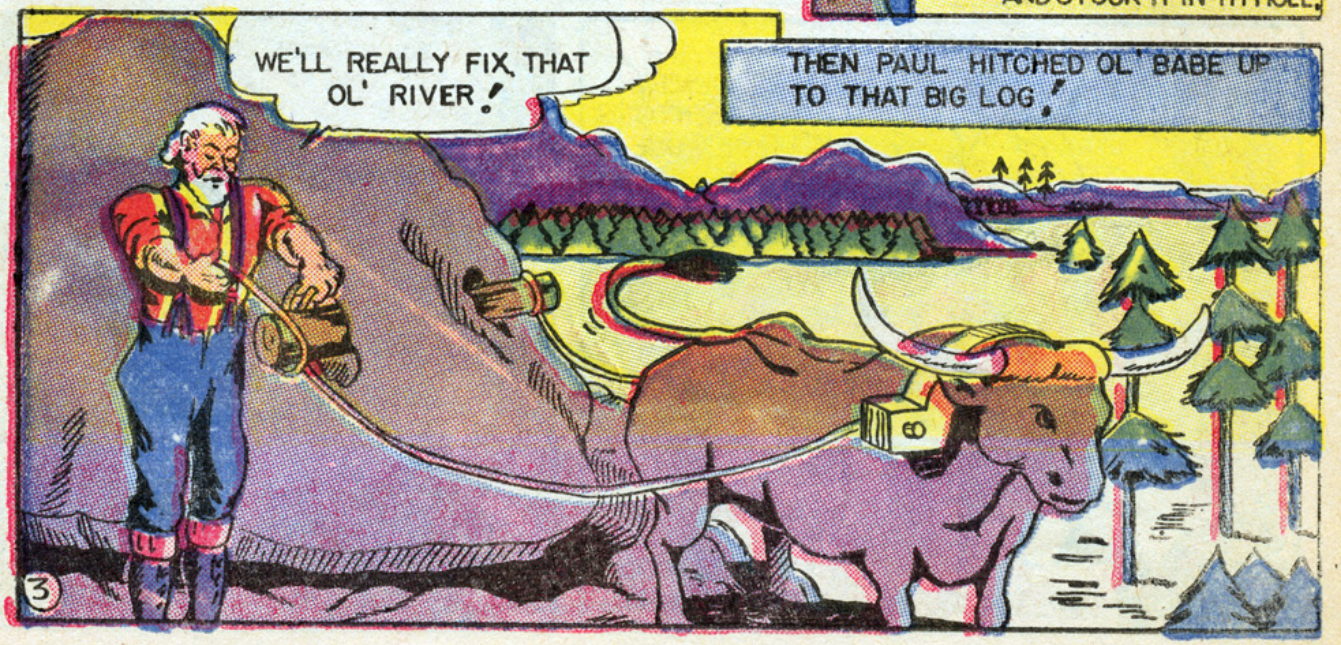
DON'T FEEL LEFT OUT BABE, I'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO!

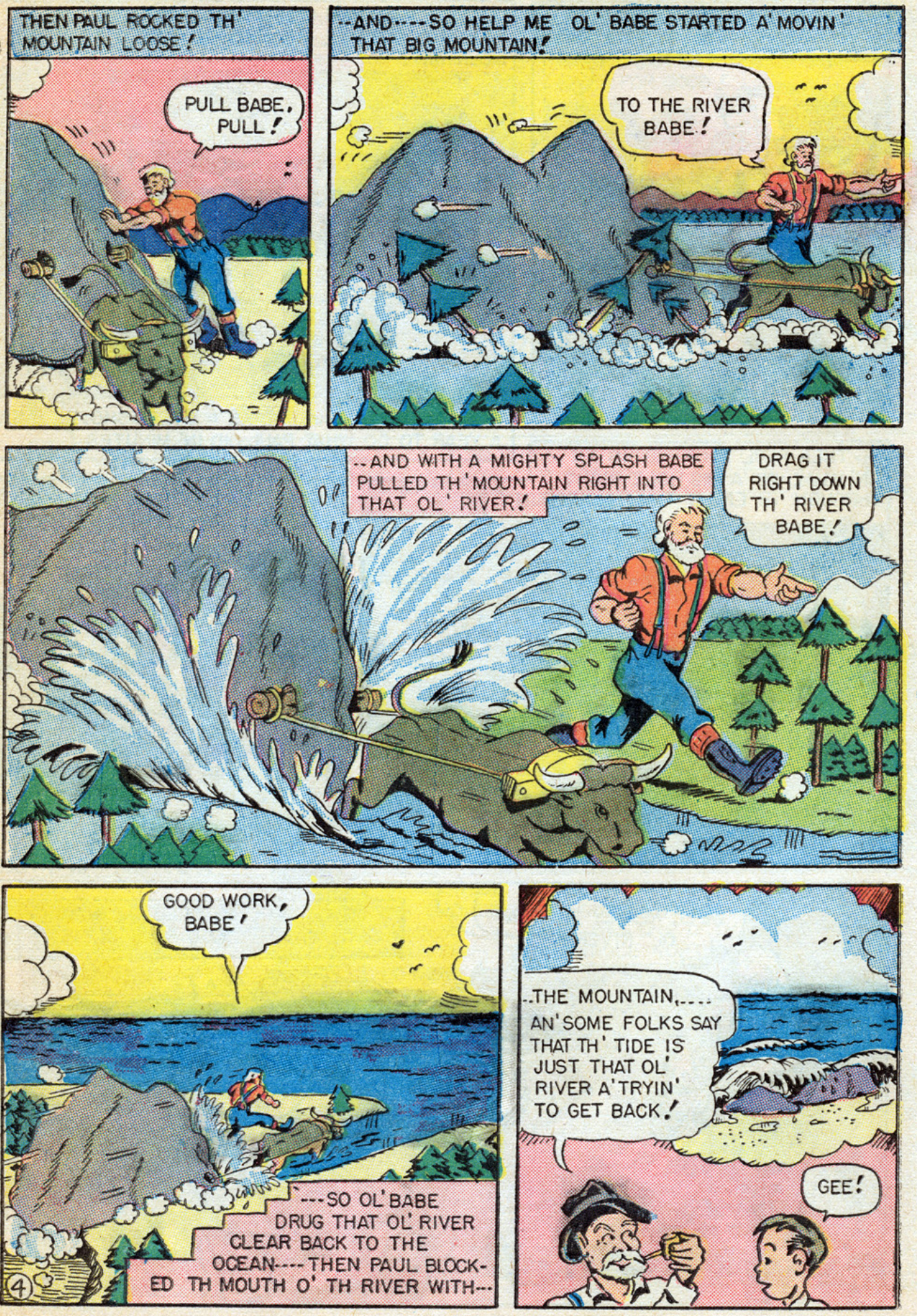


PAUL CUT DOWN TH BIGGEST REDWOOD TREE HE COULD FIND, AND STUCK IT IN TH HOLE.

WE'LL REALLY FIX THAT OL' RIVER!

THEN PAUL HITCHED OL' BABE UP TO THAT BIG LOG!




THEN PAUL ROCKED TH' MOUNTAIN LOOSE!
PULL BABE, PULL!
--AND----SO HELP ME OL' BABE STARTED A' MOVIN' THAT BIG MOUNTAIN!
TO THE RIVER BABE!
--AND WITH A MIGHTY SPLASH BABE PULLED TH' MOUNTAIN RIGHT INTO THAT OL' RIVER!
DRAG IT RIGHT DOWN TH' RIVER BABE!
GOOD WORK, BABE!
---SO OL' BABE DRUG THAT OL' RIVER CLEAR BACK TO THE OCEAN---THEN PAUL BLOCKED TH MOUTH O' TH RIVER WITH---
4
..THE MOUNTAIN,.... AN' SOME FOLKS SAY THAT TH' TIDE IS JUST THAT OL' RIVER A' TRYIN' TO GET BACK!
GEE!

THE ADVENTURES OF WYATT EARP FIGHTING MARSHAL

A TRUE STORY



~SUMMER OF 1873 – ELLSWORTH KANSAS~ ONE OF THE STOPS ON THE DUSTY CHISOLM TRAIL, WHERE COWMEN LOADED ON TRAINS THE BEEF THAT HAD BEEN DRIVEN UP FROM TEXAS.



BEN AND **BILL THOMPSON**, GAMBLERS AND GUNMEN "TOOK OVER" THE LAW AND ORDER OF ELLSWORTH OVER THE "PROTESTS" OF SIX MARSHALS AND SHERIFFS.




I DON'T TRUST ANY YANKEES!
I'M NOT GOING TO STAND FOR THAT CRACK, TAKE THAT!
MEET ME OUT SIDE AND WE'LL SETTLE THIS!
WE'LL RIDDLE HIM AS SOON AS HE SHOWS HIS NOSE!
BEN AND BILL WAIT FOR THEIR MAN
SALOON
ALRIGHT YOU TWO SKUNKS, I KNOW WHAT YOU'ER UP TO. TURN AROUND AND GIVE ME YOUR GUNS!
BILL THOMPSON SUDDENLY WHIRLS WITH RIFLE BLAZING.
SURE SHERIFF, HERE!
BANG!


GET OUT OF TOWN FAST BILL. HEAD FOR THE BORDER!
I'LL HEAD FOR OUR PLACE, BE SEEING YA BEN!
IN A SMALL OFFICE NOT FAR AWAY, THE MAYOR OF ELLSWORTH IS ADDRESSING A GROUP OF OFFICERS
AS MAYOR OF THIS TOWN, I ORDER YOU MEN TO GET BEN THOMPSON, OR TURN IN YOUR BADGES!
IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS MAYOR, BUT IF IT WAS ME I'D GET ME A BADGE AND ARREST BEN THOMPSON OR KILL HIM!
I'LL MAKE THIS YOUR BUSINESS EARP, YOU ARE MARSHAL OF ELLSWORTH HERE'S YOUR BADGE, ARREST BEN THOMPSON!
OON
BEN! THAT LOOKS LIKE WYATT EARP, AND HE'S WEARING A BADGE AND GUNS!
WHAT DO YOU WANT EARP?
I WANT YOU BEN!


I'D RATHER TALK THAN FIGHT!
I'LL GET YOU EITHER WAY BEN.
KILL YOU OR TAKE YOU TO JAIL!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME?
I KNEW YOU'D SEE IT MY WAY THOMPSON.
ALRIGHT EARP, YOU WIN!
S-SURE MR. EARP!
YOU FELLOWS, GET OUT OF TOWN!
BEN THOMPSON IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE MAYOR AND JUDGE.
WHAT IS THE CHARGE ON THE PRISONER?
I WOULD SAY MURDER, YOUR HONOR!
THE MAYOR DOESN'T AGREE WITH WYATTS' VERDICT.
NO!, DISTURBANCE OF THE PEACE.


GUILTY, TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS FINE!
BEN, DON'T PUT THESE ON UNTIL YOU GET OUT OF TOWN, I'LL BE WATCHING YOU!
HERE IS YOUR BADGE MAYOR, I DON'T NEED IT ANY MORE
EARP, WE WILL PAY YOU A HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS A MONTH TO BE OUR MARSHAL!
ELLSWORTH FIGURES SHERIFFS AT TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS A HEAD. I DON'T FIGURE THE TOWN IS MY SIZE!
THIS EPISODE ESTABLISHED WYATT EARP AS THE LEADING GUN FIGHTER OF LAW AND ORDER IN THE WEST. IN THE DAYS WHEN "COLONEL COLT" WAS THE ONLY LAW, WYATT EARP DEMONSTRATED HIS FEARLESSNESS AMONG SOME OF THE WORST BAD MEN THAT THE WEST HAS EVER PRODUCED.

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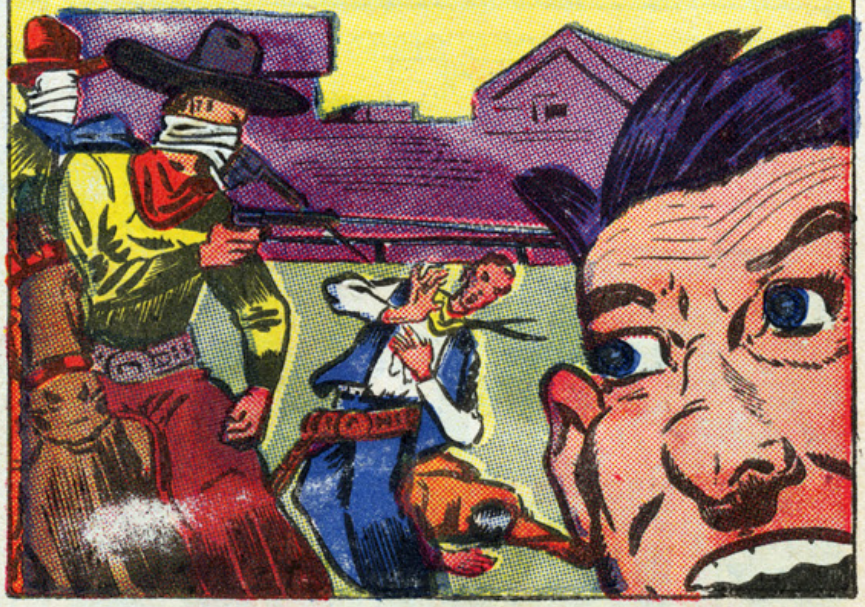
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Lee Sherman

Henry Plummer

THE 70'S AND 80'S SAW THE PEAK OF FRONTIER MADNESS AND FAME AND THIS WAS THE GOLDEN TIME OF THE FIGHTING SHERIFF AND THE BOLD BAD MAN. OCCASIONALLY THESE ROLES WERE COMBINED AS IN THE CASE OF HENRY PLUMMER. SHERIFF OF THE MONTANA TOWNS OF BANNACK AND VIRGINIA CITY, PLUMMER WAS THE BRAINS OF THE MOST EFFICIENT, RUTHLESS GANG OF HIGHWAY MEN IN THE WEST. THESE HIGHWAY MEN, USUALLY DEPUTIES OF PLUMMER'S, ALWAYS KNEW WHICH STAGE TO HOLD UP FOR PLUMMER SYSTEMATICALLY MARKED THE COACHES. THEY MURDERED TRAVELERS RUTHLESSLY KILLING MORE THAN A KNOWN HUNDRED VICTIMS.




THE ACTION PACKED STORY OF
WILD BILL
HICKOK
IN 1865, SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI WAS A RIP-ROARING, WIDE-OPEN TOWN, CROWDED WITH THE STILL ANGRY REMNANTS OF BOTH THE UNION AND CONFEDERATE ARMIES AND A HUNTING GROUNDS FOR THIEVES AND CUTTHROATS. NOT MANY MEN WENT UNARMED THOSE DAYS IN SPRINGFIELD -- BUT WILD BILL HICKOK DID!
BOOTS & SHOES
WHO'S THIS GALOOT COMIN' OUR WAY, JAKE?
I DUNNO... WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? HE AIN'T PACKIN' A GUN, IS HE? SO LET'S TAKE HIM!
A MOMENT LATER....
ALLRIGHT, MISTER.... UP WITH YORE PAWS.
TCH TCH! FELLERS LIKE YOU SHOULDN'T BE CARRYING MAN SIZE GUNS.
SO I THINK I'LL TAKE 'EM AWAY FROM YA!
WHAT IN-?
HEY!!
AN' HERE'S A LITTLE SOMETHIN' TO REMEMBER BILL HICKOK BY!
HICKOK! I'M GETTING OUTA HERE!


WHOA, FELLA! I GOT SOMETHIN' FOR YOU, TOO!
LEGGO!!
NOW I GUESS WE'RE ALL SQUARED UP.
BILL, YOU SURE OUGHTA START WEARING YOUR GUNS AGAIN. THIS IS A ROUGH TOWN!
I AM A PEACEABLE MAN BY NATURE, SON... AN' THERE'S ENOUGH FOOL SHOOTIN' GOIN' ON AROUND HERE WITHOUT ME ADDIN' TO IT!
BUT MEANWHILE, HICKOK'S HATED ENEMY, DAVE TUTT, JEALOUSLY WATCHES THE GREAT SCOUT....
DURN THAT HICKOK! I BEEN TRYING TO GIT HIM TO FIGHT WITH ME FOR A WEEK, BUT HE WON'T PACK A GUN. I HATE HIM SO I'M FIT TO BUST.
YORE THE BEST SHOT AN FASTEST DRAWIN' MAN IN MISSOURI, DAVE— HICKOK MUST BE YELLA!
WAL, I GOT A PLAN TO FIX HIS WAGON. HE'LL BE UP IN THE HOTEL PLAYIN' POKER, AND I'M GONNA GIVE HIM A CHALLENGE THAT'LL EITHER MAKE HIM FIGHT... OR PROVE HE AIN'T GOT THE GUTS!
A MOMENT LATER...
HICKOK! I COME FOR THAT THIRTY-FIVE BUCKS YA OWE ME.
YORE A BIT MISTAKEN, TUTT. IT'S TWENTY FIVE AND YOU KNOW IT!
HERE'S YORE TWENTY FIVE, TUTT, AND THAT'S ALL!
YORE A PLAIN, LOW-DOWN WELSHER, HICKOK!
2


WHY, YOU DIRTY MOUTHED....!
SIT DOWN, HICKOK.... OR I'LL SHOOT YA DOWN! I'LL TELL YA WHAT I'M GONNA DO! I'M TAKING YORE WATCH AS SECURITY.... SEE??
AN' TOMORROW MORNIN' AT 11:00 O'CLOCK, I'M GONNA CARRY YORE WATCH ACROSS THE MAIN SQUARE O' TOWN, FOR EVERY-BODY TO SEE! YA WANT IT BACK... STOP ME! AN' YA BETTER BE CARRYIN' AN' IRON!
PUT THAT WATCH BACK, TUTT! THAT WAS A PRES-ENT TO ME FROM MY MOTHER.
I TOLD YA - YA CAN HAVE IT, IF YA CAN TAKE IT AWAY FROM ME.
ALLRIGHT, TUTT... YOU'RE ASKIN' FOR TROUBLE AND YOU'LL GET IT.
NEXT MORNING, DAVE TUTT APPEARED TO TAKE HIS MOMENTOUS STROLL.... BACKED BY THE GUNS OF HIS CRONIES!
REMEMBER... IF I SHOULD MISS HIM... YOU GET HIM!
RIGHT, DAVE, WE'LL TAKE HIM.
DON'T BE A FOOL, BILL. CAN'T YOU SEE HE HAS ALL HIS FRIENDS READY TO SHOOT YOU?
DON'T WORRY, SON! I CAN HANDLE DOUBLE THAT AMOUNT OF WORTH-LESS COYOTES!
GROCERIES & ME
LUNCH ROOM
ALLRIGHT, TUTT, HAND OVER MY WATCH!
COME AN' GET IT, HICKOK.... IF YA AIN'T TOO YELLA!
RESTAURAN
3


ALLRIGHT, I WILL, YA FOUL SMELLIN' POLECAT!
WHAT? WHY, YOU....
J.C. WILSON
UGGHHHH!
REMEMBER... YA ASKED FOR IT, TUTT!
HE... HE GOT DAVE! THE DIRTY RAT!
LET'S GET HIM, BOYS!
SHOOT HIM FULL 'O HOLES!
WOW! WHAT THE?
HE... HE GOT US COVERED!
DROP THEM GUNS, YA SCARED MAVERICKS, OR I'LL SEND THE WHOLE LOT OF YA TO BOOT HILL!!!
SURE, SURE, BILL!
WE WAS JUST FOOLIN'!
NOW IS THERE ANYONE ELSE THINKS THEY'D LIKE TO OWN THIS HERE WATCH OF MINE?
HOTEL
NOPE!
IT'S YORE WATCH, BILL!
DOGGON! GETTIN' SO A MAN CAN HARDLY SIT THROUGH A PEACEFUL HAND OF DRAW! COME ON, BOYS, LET'S GET THAT GAME GOIN' AGAIN, RIGHT WHERE WE LEFT OFF.
4

CUSTER'S LAST STAND





General George A. Custer

CUSTER WAS BORN DEC. 5, 1839 AT NEW RUMLEY, OHIO. IN 1857 HE WAS APPOINTED TO WEST POINT AND GRADUATED AT THE HEAD OF HIS CLASS. HE SERVED WITH DISTINCTION AT GETTYSBURG AND THROUGHOUT THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN. HE ALSO SERVED IN THE INDIAN CAMPAIGNS ON THE GREAT PLAINS. HE MADE HIS ONE FATAL MISTAKE WHEN HE DIVIDED HIS FORCES AND ATTACKED THE HUGE BAND OF INDIANS, OF WHOM SITTING BULL WAS CHIEF, IN THE VALLEY OF THE BIG HORN. CUSTER REMAINS AS A LEGENDARY FIGURE IN AMERICAN HISTORY.



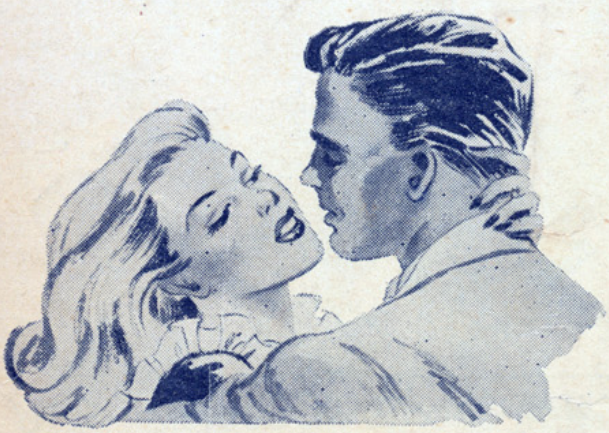
TECUMSEH

Chief of the SHAWNEES



TECUMSEH WAS BORN NEAR THE PRESENT TOWN OF SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, IN 1768. HE WAS ONLY 6 YEARS OLD WHEN HIS FATHER WAS KILLED BY THE FRONTIERSMEN UNDER ANDREW LEWIS ON THE LITTLE KANAWHA NEAR POINT PLEASANT. HIS WHOLE LIFE FROM THEN ON WAS AN UNREWARDED EFFORT TO DRIVE THE WHITEMAN FROM THE INDIAN COUNTRY AND KEEP HIM OUT. HE WAS FINALLY KILLED IN THE BATTLE OF THE THAMES AS AN ALLY OF THE BRITISH.

Lee Sherman



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Nov. 1948

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